

the Indian drum, or the weird chorus of the gaming song. Frequently there will be a party of twenty to thirty men gaming in one tepee, and singing so that their voices can be heard far out from the camp, while from another tepee a few rods away comes a shrill chorus from a group of women engaged in another game of the same kind.

The players sit in a circle around the tepee fire, those on one side of the fire playing against those on the other. The only requisites are the "button," or *gagua*, usually a bit of wood around which is tied a piece of string, or otter skin, with a pile of tally sticks. Each party has a "button," that of one side being painted black, the other being red. The leader of one party takes the button and endeavors to move it from one hand to another, or to pass it to a partner, while those of the opposing side keep a sharp lookout and try to guess in which hand it is. Those having the button try to deceive their opponents as to his whereabouts by putting one hand over the other, by folding their arms and by putting their hands behind them, so as to pass the "ga-gua" on to a partner, all the while keeping time to the rhythm of a gaming chorus sung by the whole party at the top of their voices. The song is very peculiar, and well-nigh indescribable. It is usually, but not always entirely unmeaning, and jumps, halts and staggers in a most surprising fashion, but always in perfect time with the movements of the hands and arms of the singers. The greatest of good-natured excitement prevails, and every few moments some more excitable player clasps his hands over his mouth or beats the ground with his flat palms and gives out a regular war-whoop. All this time the opposing players are watching the hands of the other, or looking straight into their faces to observe every tell-tale movement of their features, and when one thinks he has

discovered in which hand the button is, he throws out his thumb with a loud "that," should he guess aright his side scores a certain number of tallies, and in turn takes the button and begins another song. Should the guess be wrong the losing side must give up an equivalent number of tally sticks. So the play goes on until the small hours of the night. It is always a gambling game, and the stakes are sometimes very large. *

JOHN MOONEY.

Make Somebody Glad.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine
Would brighten the way
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles we had
The will and would try,
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store
And labor, to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad,
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles
Full often may cheer;
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add
Were we conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow so drear,
Have need of a world
Of solace and cheer;
There are homes that are desolate
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad,

True sincerity sends for no witnesses.